

THIS SATURDAY BY EVENING POST

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THE COMET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY F. T.

Far in the midnight sky,
In the deep silence of the summer night,
Whitening the heavens with its pallid ray,
It steals upon my sight.

Solemn upon the heart
falls the strange influence of that wanderer's
beam,
Like some pale phantom from the unknown
world,
Or spirit of a dream.

Vainly my thoughts would trace
The awful circle of its wondrous way,
Or fathom the far wilderness of space
Marked by its ghostlike ray.

Where are the forms that moved
On our poor earth, oh! wanderer on high;
Where the high bounding hearts that lived and
loved,
When thou before wert nigh!

Long have they passed away,
And perished like the memory of a dream:
The untaught eyes which wondering gazed
yore
On thy pale spectral beam.

Now, on our native earth
Armies are mustering for the battle-strife,
Bold spirits press to win their glory-ray,
Or yield their transient life.

Few years—and they shall lie
With the past generations of the dead,
Even like you mortal worth giving by,
Bright—glittering—died—died.

And then will come again,
From where thy train of misty light now waves,
And from the solemn night of years to come,
Will shine upon our graves.

Yon! glorious stranger of the northern sky!
Dwell sparks whose orbit is sternly:
Souls that can never die.

When all ye kingy stars,
Which sit so proudly on their thrones to-night,
Seem immortal with their steadfast eyes,
So still—so calm—so bright—

When all those starry kings,
Like fading tapers, one by one shall wane,
Our souls, our trembling souls, so transient here,
Shall rise—shall live again.

Farewell! may He who made
Man for endeavor, and the stars to shine,
Be with thee on thy solitary path,
And guide me safe through mine.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine May evening when, encompassed by a great deal of luggage, I drove up in a noisy "four-wheeler" to the door of No. 6, Wilhelmina street.

No. 6 was to be my residence, as I supposed, for two months. It was not wonderful, therefore (considering that I had never been in the neighborhood before), that I should look about me in some anxiety as the vehicle stopped. A glance at the house set my heart, to a certain extent, at rest. Its aspect was unquestionably respectable. I noted with satisfaction the spotless doortop, and the broad, newly-painted front-door. And further, the page, who promptly answered the cabman's ring, was so trim and smart, and the hall within spoke so clearly of comfort, that I quickly laid aside my misgivings altogether.

On entering, I was met by Dr. Duncome, the owner of the house, who, although hitherto a total stranger to me, greeted me with the greatest cordiality, and entirely dissipated the feeling of awkwardness which I usually experience upon introduction to unfamiliar scenes and persons.

And my host's politeness extended beyond words. So soon as my numerous packages were safely lifted from the cab, he proceeded to conduct me to my rooms himself.

"You will like," he said, "to see your quarters before joining us in the drawing-room. I hope we have been able to meet your requirements with regard to a temporary studio. You shall see."

I did see, and was well satisfied. Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the frank courtesy of the doctor's manner.

"There is," he said, in an apologetic tone, as he was about to leave me, "one circumstance connected with the household which, by your leave, I will mention."

I bowed.

"We have residing with us," proceeded the doctor, "a young lady whose painful position makes us anxious to treat her with the greatest consideration and indulgence. She is beautiful, and accomplished; but sorrow and misfortune have rendered her remarkably shy and sensitive. Her father, once possessed of large property, lost the whole of that property in a single day, and

is now, unfortunately, in a county lunatic asylum. The daughter, with praiseworthy effort, is maintaining herself by teaching. But I fear—I fear—lest her reason—Sometimes I even fancy—but I merely mention these facts that you may be enabled to avoid such subjects of conversation as might be painful to her. You understand me?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"And what refreshment may I order you?" inquired the doctor as he went away.

I said I would "go in for tea," having dined already.

"Very good," was the answer. "Tea is just going up. It will be quite ready by the time you are prepared to join us. As soon as you please, come to the drawing-room, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Duncome—or, more properly, Mr. Duncome—was a surgeon, whose practice, although (as I had been informed) considerable, was not so remunerative as to render him superior to the necessity of receiving boarders into his house. A friend, having some slight acquaintance with Mrs. Duncome's family, had secured for me the convenient quarters I have described, knowing it to be my wish to board in some respectable household, where I should avoid, on the one hand, the heavy expenses of a West-end hotel, and, on the other, the numerous pests known *locutiones* of *entomology*." I said, "I am entirely satisfied with my friend's choice."

And here let me tell the reader that I am a painter, residing in the West of England, and possessed of a small private fortune; that at the time of which I write I was on a visit to London (partly professional), and just then aged thirty years; and that an old friend of mine had been the means of introducing me into the establishment of Dr. Duncome. I may add that Dr. Duncome—or, more properly, Mr. Duncome—was a surgeon, whose practice, although (as I had been informed) considerable, was not so remunerative as to render him superior to the necessity of receiving boarders into his house. A friend, having some slight acquaintance with Mrs. Duncome's family, had secured for me the convenient quarters I have described, knowing it to be my wish to board in some respectable household, where I should avoid, on the one hand, the heavy expenses of a West-end hotel, and, on the other, the numerous pests known *locutiones* of *entomology*." I said, "I am entirely satisfied with my friend's choice."

Having completed my toilet, I went down to the drawing-room. It may be confessed that I did so with some trepidation! I am a shy man, and have a dread of new people. Besides, the description given me of the young lady inmate had awakened within me a strange agitating curiosity. The moment of introduction to her appeared to me to be one of serious importance. As I stood upon the white mat at the drawing-room door I wished that time to-morrow.

As I entered, the room looked cheerful. By this time evening was closing in; the blinds therefore were down, and the lamp was lighted. Dr. Duncome rose at once and introduced me to his wife. Her face was like that of a person reflected in the convex of a spoon held vertically. The upper part was, out of all proportion, larger than the lower. But, notwithstanding this, her

gentle and ladylike bearing immediately attracted me.

A second lady who was present I conceived to be one of the whom I had already heard. Nor was I mistaken. Miss Coles, as I immediately discovered, was exceedingly young, and of no ordinary beauty. Upon the announcement of my name she looked up at me with a peculiar, shy, and inquiring expression, and, bowing slightly, instantly bent her eyes again upon the work which had been absorbing her attention at the moment of my entrance. "Poor girl," I thought. "There is certainly, as the doctor hinted, something queer about her."

Seated at the table, I had an opportunity, such as had not before been afforded me, of examining the person of my host.

Is there any subtle science awaiting discovery which shall explain to us the causes of those strange antipathies that sometimes arise, without apparent reason, between us and certain of our fellow-creatures? I may as well at once inform the reader that during my first gaze at Dr. Duncome's face I conceived towards him a feeling of strong dislike. Notwithstanding the continued affability of his manner, every succeeding glance at his features confirmed the unfavorable impression. I argued with myself, however, that my rising aversion was unreasonable. True, the doctor could boast no facial attractions. His features were of a common type. His complexion was of that order which colors the whole face, neck, and ears, with a uniform brick-dust red; and his hair, light and straight, threw about its ragged points in all directions.

But although Dr. Duncome was far from being handsome, there was really nothing about him, I reflected, to warrant my feeling of dislike. He continued during the whole evening to be exceedingly polite and attentive to me, and his one object appeared to be to make me thoroughly at my ease. None of his civilities, however, could obliterate the impression which his face had made upon me at the first inspection.

After tea the doctor proposed a rubber of whist. The ladies readily assented, as though the idea were no unfamiliar one. I, too, as a matter of course, agreed; and a minute or two more found me established at the card-table, with Miss Coles for my partner.

I now examined that young lady more closely than I had done before. It cost me no prolonged scrutiny to satisfy myself that her beauty was even greater than I had at first supposed. She was certainly under twenty. But while her appearance and manner were entirely girlish, there rested upon her soft gray eyes an indescribable expression of melancholy; and her generally downcast countenance often wore a singularly absent and pre-occupied air.

As the game went on I discovered that she

was, in almost perfect darkness and in deep sleep, I was now seated!

Persons who have never experienced such an awakening can have no conception of the horrors of it. My first impulse, of course, was to return to my room. An overwhelming sense of the extreme awkwardness and uncertainty of my situation impelled me to make for it with all stealthy speed. How unutterably embarrassing to be discovered by any intruder of the house in my present position! How providing that this should have occurred during absence from home; that this uncanny communication should have visited me under circumstances the most inconvenient!

A small gas jet was burning in the hall. The doctor was of course often called up at night, and this was left alight for his convenience. By the help of the dim flame I could see that the hands of the clock above pointed to the hour of two. With eager nervousness I crossed the cold stone floor of the hall, and began to feel my way up the stairs.

At this moment, however, I heard a crackling noise above, and saw a light, clearly that of a candle carried by some person coming down the stairs. What was I to do? The object most desirable of attainment at the moment seemed to be concealment. I precipitately fled back to the drawing-room; and remembering that double doors opened from that chamber into the study or private room, wherein the doctor, as he had told me, received his patients, I silently unlosed the first door (a solid one) and took up my miserable position between that and the second, (which was partly of glass, and contained,) ignominiously crouching down to avoid detection from the study.

At no moment of my existence had I ever been so much in such a predicament as now; and yet so unutterably ridiculous was my position that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. The only consideration which afforded me the slightest consolation was this—sorrow or other, in a short space of time, the terrible suspense would be at an end.

The light appeared in the study. I raised myself, and found that the curtain was so disposed that I could see into the room without any danger of being observed myself. The doctor had entered and was seated at the table, apparently lost in thought.

If his face had displeased me before, it now produced within me a feeling of absolute horror. The swiftness of expression which had previously somewhat disguised the badness of the countenance was now wholly wanting. The mouth was set in hard, cruel compression. The piercing gray eyes shone with a peculiar sharp brightness. The brows were lowering, and every feature twiched with nervous excitement.

My attention, in fact, was wholly drawn away from my own situation. I felt persuaded that the thoughts of the man before me were wicked thoughts. I found myself watching him narrowly, as it were spell-bound, and waiting for positive outward manifestation of the evil whose existence I could not doubt.

After long cogitation the doctor rose, and took from the bookshelves a volume. The movement was so clearly connected with his previous meditations that I particularly noted the position which the book had occupied upon the shelves, intending to inform myself in the morning of its title and contents.

The volume was studied for some time; and as the doctor rose to replace it where he had taken it from, I distinctly heard him utter these words:

"Why the deuce hasn't it told before now?"

The savage whisper in which the sentence was pronounced made my blood run cold.

"Heaven!" I thought, "here, sure enough, is the crime I suspected: but how is it possible for me to interfere?"

At this juncture there was a loud, impatient ringing at the surgery bell. The sound could have been no unfamiliar one to the doctor even at that hour of night; but the sudden start, almost leap of alarm which he gave upon hearing it, struck me as curiously corroborative of the idea that his mind had been occupied upon no legitimate scheme.

The surgery opened into the study, and the doctor at once obeyed the summons. A minute passed, and then I heard him talking with some person whose tone of voice indicated hurry and consternation. Of what was said, but little that I could distinguish reached my ears. I did, however, catch a name—Grevson—and part of an address—*Queen Square*.

I now hastened quietly from my place of concealment, and regained my bedroom without discovery, meeting with no worse mishap on the way than an alarming stumble over my own boots at the bedroom door.

On reaching my bed I slept soundly till morning, when the stir of the London streets, to which, as a countryman, I was not much accustomed, aroused me early.

CHAPTER II.

It is impossible for me to describe the sensations which I experienced on waking. For anything I knew to the contrary I was still reclining on the bed upon which I had fallen asleep. There I ought to have been. There, of course, I expected to find myself. There, however, I certainly was not. I was sitting, not lying down; and I seemed to be located in some room far larger than that in which I had last resigned my waking consciousness. Whether I was myself or some other person; whether it was here or elsewhere, were questions for a while I felt myself wholly unable to solve. The utter confusion of my ideas, combined with a sense of great bodily discomfort, awakened within me a feeling amounting to terror. Surely I must have lost my senses, or I should be able to comprehend my position and circumstances! I involuntarily clutched with all my might the nearest object I could lay hold of, in the unconscious endeavor to assure myself that I still owned a material frame, and had not yet taken my departure from the physical world.

"My dear sir," answered the doctor, as he mixed himself a comfortable glass of toddy, "you are right. It is difficult, but it is not impossible. Our own health and the happiness of our friends demand that we should make the effort to be cheerful. We make it, and we succeed. I am rarely weighed down for any length of time by what I witness as a professional man."

This I could easily believe. On the present occasion the doctor's spirits appeared to be per-



THE VOLUME OPENED AT PAGE 230—HEADED "STRYCHNIA."

cessively raised; and they certainly did not decline after the toddy had been disposed of.

"A most ladylike creature," said my host, shaking his head ominously when Miss Coles had retired. "A most ladylike and charming creature. But—" he added, tapping his forehead.

I was annoyed; for I did not believe he had any ground for entertaining such a view as this implied of Miss Coles' mental condition. But I made no reply, and shortly afterwards rose and left the room.

No, I did not like the doctor, and, further, I felt satisfied that he did not like me; and, in spite of all his outward civility, he had told me, in some wordless and inexplicable but yet unutterable manner, that he did not want me in his house at all.

As I fell asleep I fancied (possibly with reference to my musical converse with Miss Coles) that I was the key-note in D major. Mr. Duncome was the dominant, Miss Coles the major third above me, while the doctor and his patient broke in upon our harmony dissonantly, being represented by clashing accidentals.

And these musical fancies were but the prelude to dreams still more extraordinary, which, however, it is not necessary to relate.

CHAPTER III.

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The act seemed to arouse my reasoning powers. It gradually became clear to me that I had been walking in my sleep. I now remembered once in my life before having done the same thing. A little further reflection showed me that I had found my way down stairs to the dining-room,

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I was about to leave my room when Richard, the Irish waiter butler-boy, placed in my hands a note, which ran thus:

"Read this—it comes strange that I should make the request I am about to make at this early period of our acquaintance. Pending circumstances, however, compel me to do so. Will you advance me the sum of \$15, of which amount I am in immediate want? I enclose a receipt, and am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"FRANCIS DENEVRE."

This, I thought, looked queer. The sum was a small one indeed to be "handed up" for. However, I had no particular objection to make the advance, and accordingly took three five-pound notes from my desk, and enclosed them to my host, who, a few minutes afterwards, thanked me below for the accommodation.

No sooner did I find myself in Miss Cole's presence than all my former feelings of admiration for her returned. But her reticence was now even more marked than last night, and her self-contained manner was sufficient to baffle the most sagacious candidate for her notice and favor. She left us immediately after breakfast; and as soon as I was alone with my host and hostess, the former, addressing me, said:—

"My poor friend and patient, of whom I spoke to you last evening, has, I regret to say, breathed his last. Yet," he continued, raising his eyebrows, with an air of philosophic resignation, "the struggle is over, and I have lost one of the best and truest of my friends. At three o'clock this morning he shuffled off this mortal coil. He suffered much, I grieve to say, towards the last."

I merely inclined my head by way of response; but I closely watched the face of the speaker. The drop-soon, so blandly painted, was down now. The hideous disorder which the poor night had revealed to me was well hidden. I don't pretend to understand it," I said to myself; "but, Doctor, I have not forgotten—I shall not forget."

I now went direct to the Royal Academy, where I remained for some hours. My own picture, concerning the possible position of which I had been uneasy, had been hung more favorably than I could have anticipated; but when I first described it amidst several neighbors of a pro-Habsburg sort, I must say I felt slightly ashamed of my production.

My next business was to call upon a lady whose portrait I was about to paint. This lady resided during the greater portion of the year in a remote part of the country; and for my convenience, as well as her own, it had been arranged that she should meet during her visit to town, which I knew had already commenced. I had forgotten her address, but, upon reference to my pocket-book, I found it—No. —, Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

To this place I went, not forgetting that I had heard Queen Square mentioned in the night. Having completed my arrangements with Mrs. Cunningham, I talked with her on general subjects. She was disposed to be communicative, and to me she appeared to be in the liveliest spirits. She informed me, however, that she was not herself to-day. I wondered, on being thus enlightened, what further amount of cheerfulness she was accustomed to experience. But she interrupted my speculation by proceeding:—"A dreadful circumstance has occurred in the house next to this, which has quite shaken my nerves."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, interrogatively.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Cunningham. "A wealthy old man of miserly habits has died during the night in the greatest agonies. His room being next to mine I could plainly hear his groans, which were indeed terrific and heart-rending. My landlady has just been giving me his history, which is a curious one. He was of good family, but appears to have lost most of his near relatives in early life. He was placed by his guardians in the office of a mercantile firm, where, by industry and intelligence, he quickly made himself appreciated. He subsequently became a partner, and finally the entire business fell into his hands. By the time he reached the age of fifty he had accumulated a large fortune; but as his riches increased so did his eccentric and miserly habits. So unscrupulous did he become that he gradually lost all his private friends; and for many years past he has held but little intercourse with the world, except in the way of business. About two years since, however, when he had attained his seventieth year, he conceived a foolish, doting fondness for a young and lovely girl, whose father was his debtor to a large amount, and whom he had accidentally met in some of his interviews with her parent. This girl he formed the silly intention of marrying. The father's pecuniary relation to him served as a lever to move all difficulties out of the way. To save her father from ruin the poor girl sacrificed herself. The result was most lamentable. The loathing of the beautiful and accomplished Lucy for her deceptiveness and childish bridegroom became heightened daily. Two months after her marriage her father died, and then her twin sister, the last of her near relatives; and unable any longer to endure the old man's eccentricities, she shortly afterwards left him, and, as it is supposed, went abroad, for she has never since been heard of. And now, after falling deeper and deeper into the miserly ways which he had so long followed, the foolish and forsaken old husband has at length died; but in a manner to which, as my landlady privately informed me, she cannot help thinking, some mystery attaches. I am sure," added Mrs. Cunningham, while her cheeks became blanched, "I could imagine that any crime was being perpetrated on the other side of the wall, while I listened from my bed last night to the terrible groans of the dying man."

"What was his name?" I inquired, as soon as the narrative was concluded.

"Greerson," was the reply.

"Allow me to ask, madam," I rejoined, "do you know what has roused your landlady's suspicions as to the cause of death?"

"I do not—precisely. Stories, perhaps, are likely to get about when a known miser dies somewhat unexpectedly. I do not, myself, think much of her surmises; although, as I told you, one could imagine almost anything on listening to such sounds as I heard over the night."

Shortly after this was said I bade Mrs. Cunningham "good day." As soon as I was alone I found my mind oppressed with a terrible burden of painful thoughts. My previous suspicions were not developed into conviction. How ought I to act? The question repeatedly presented itself to my mind, but it was one which I found it impossible to answer.

I hurried over to Wilhelmina street, hoping that I might be able to discover such further facts as might make my course of duty clear. As I entered the house it occurred to me that I

had not yet examined the book which Mr. Denevre had been studying on the previous night. Finding that there was no one in the doctor's room, I at once proceeded thither. I remembered that the volume consulted had been the third from the left-hand end of the topmost shelf. With some agitation I now drew it from its place and read the title page, as follows: "The action of alkaline poisons upon the organs of the human body. By George Dardé Raynal, M. D., F. R. S." But I had hardly taken the book in my hands when, almost of its own accord, it fell open at page 230, which, as I quickly saw, was headed "Strychnine."

The work was apparently a scientific and elaborate one. It pointed out, in copious detail, the various uses, in medicine, of the substances of which it treated, and the applicability of these substances as remedies to the exigencies of the human body under different shades of disease. It also described with minuteness the effects of the particular class of poisons upon the organs of the healthy subject.

I turned the leaves and read a passage here and there, till at length I closed the book once more, and allowed it a second time to fall open at its own accord, when it again revealed the page 230.

I now read again. Scarcely had I begun to do so when I heard a slight noise at my side, and, turning, saw the doctor looking over my shoulder.

"Excuse me," I said, confusedly, "for examining your library. I don't know whether I am not intruding by coming into your study at all?"

"By no means, my dear sir," answered Mr. Denevre, in accents the sweetest. "But what impels you so earnestly to study that work of Dr. Smith's?"

"Curiosity," I replied, with some emphasis, and turning sharply round to watch the doctor's face.

"Ah—ha! indeed—really?" he exclaimed, avoiding my gaze, and leaving the room immediately.

Fortunately I was not again troubled with somnambulism, although that night I went to bed in some apprehension of its recurrence.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

"Latest Parisian gossip says that Eugenie is wearing her skirts quite short, so as to display her boots and tassels, that being the latest Parisian fashion."

"During the great inundation of Sheffield, England, a little child in a cradle floated from Sheffield to Marlborough, a distance of four miles, and came into the hands of a clergyman's wife, who has adopted it as a providential waif, its parents having probably been drowned."

"An English savant argues that a "day in the moon" equals fourteen of our days. It begins with a slow sunshine, followed by a brilliant sunshine and intense heat, (about 215 degrees Fahr.) the sky is intensely black, (being no atmosphere like ours, to which blue sky in due time) the stars are visible and the horizon is limited; there is dead silence; the cold in the intensely black shadow is very great; and there is no aerial perspective. Thus the moon is no place for man, or any animals or vegetables that we know of. The "night of the moon" (fourth of our days) begins with a slow sunset, which is followed by intense cold, (about 234 degrees below zero.)

"Mr. Charles Beaufield, the American author and popular novel writer, died, at an advanced age on the 26th of May, at Solothurn, in Switzerland. Beaufield, whose works are written in German, was for a certain time, in his branch, the 'Great Unknown' of German literature, owing to the mystery with which he knew how to surround the authorship of his books. He had made himself a fortune with his pen, and had settled for about twenty years in Switzerland.

"King Charles II. once said to John Milton: 'Do you not think your blindness is a judgment upon you for having written in defense of my father's murderer?' 'Sir,' answered the poet, 'it is true I have lost my eyes; but if all calamitous providences are to be considered as judgments, your majesty should remember that your royal father lost his head.'

"One night during the past week a rebel officer attempted to escape from the camp at Point Lookout in rather a singular manner. The officers being allowed during the day to go out on the beach on the bay shore, and he, seeing an opportunity, managed, unseen by the guard, to bury himself in the sand, so that only his face remained above the ground, and it out of sight. When the camp gates were closed at night he was not discovered, and, after dark, crawled to the bay and swam and waded until outside the stockade. He took the main road for Leonardtown, but he was met, and that rather suddenly, by some Union cavalry pickets, and captured and brought back to his old quarters again.

"Some funny fellows in New Orleans the other day armed a cushion with a masked battery of upright pins, and induced a young man to sit down on it, pressing him while he cried with pain, to keep his seat. For this playful and amusing act the chief of the conspirators paid \$25, the others \$20.

"Garibaldi is an old German name, and means 'bold in war.' There was a Duke Garibaldi in Bavaria in the sixth century, and the same is known in Lombardy in the eighth.

"How can a man raise the wind in these days, when even palm-leaf fans are subject to a duty of two cents each?"

"A Georgia editor accuses one of his contemporaries of 'dyeing his hair and trying to renovate his carcass so as to get some female into the embrace of his rattling bones.'

"From observations made in Havana, it appears that the number of shooting stars in the northern hemisphere is double that in the south. In the northern the largest number fall between one and two o'clock; in the southern, between two and three.

"LEAPING.—If the foot-marks of a good horse that has galloped over turf be measured, it will be found that in every stride his four feet have covered a space of twenty-two feet. If in cold blood he be very gallantly cantered at a common sheep-hurdle, without any ditch on one side of it or the other, it will be found that he has cleared, or rather has not been able to help clearing from ten to twelve feet. In Egypt, an asp was chased by hounds, on coming suddenly to a little crack or crevice in the ground, caused by the heat of the sun, has been observed at a bound to clear thirty feet; and yet, on approaching a high wall the same animal shrank his pace, stopped for a second, and then pounce over it."

"The Horse and His Rider."

"Most persons sacrifice their admittance to Heaven, but their prosperity to their own pleasure."

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1864.

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MONEY MATTERS.

The recent rise in the apparent value of gold, and consequent increase in the prices of many commodities, affecting as the latter does the immediate interests of every purchaser, render the money question at the present time one of peculiar importance. And as it is very needful that correct views should prevail upon this matter, let us see if we cannot do something towards elucidating it.

We stated in last week's paper, that the value of gold, as compared with that of notes, was affected by three principal causes. 1. The aspect of the War. 2. The amount of paper money put in circulation. 3. The excess of imports over our exports, which affects the demand for gold.

Now during the last year we have imported about \$20,000,000 more than we have exported—and, the amount of paper money in circulation also having been largely increased, while the success of our armies have not been of a decisive character, we see the natural result in the decrease of the relative value of our paper currency as compared with the general standards of all nations, the precious metals.

It is evident that this depreciation of the paper currency cannot go on without the most lamentable results. It is raising prices so that the expenses of the war are doubled and trebled. And the final result would be, if the depreciation were not arrested, to make paper money utterly worthless, so that it would no longer serve the purpose of a currency at all. Thus bringing the country poor to species and specie prices. Besides, the currency thus depreciated, would run great risk of being repudiated by some future administration.

But how is the evil to be remedied? Evidently by victories in the field, by heavy taxation, by raising the tariff and thus restricting importations, and by lessening the volume of the currency. If we cannot do all four, by using such of these means as are in our power.

Under the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury, the tariff has been increased and the taxes made heavier. Gold still continuing to rise, however, it is said that Mr. Chase is lessening the volume of the paper currency as much as he can. It is also said that if he is able he will make a loan in Europe, payable of course in gold, and by selling exchange based upon it.

But some may say, what will it avail that the amount of greenbacks is lessened, if the banks can fill the vacuum with their notes? We are over that, although specie payments are suspended, every state bank is bound to redeem its notes, upon demand, in greenbacks, which are not the legal tender. Consequently, if any state bank begins putting out too many notes, it will be apt to have them returned upon it, and greenbacks demanded in exchange. A bank that may now be checked or broken, even during the suspension of specie payments.

That Mr. Chase's movements to restrict the greenback currency are beginning to tell, we judge from recent strictures we have heard upon his name, from some of those who have here

before warmly commended him. Pier Mr. Chase! we cannot help sympathizing with him, when he is denounced for not working impossible.

In our opinion, the finances of the country

have been managed by Mr. Chase on principles essentially sound, but, nevertheless, practically

the loss, if not the only one that could be ad-

mitted. Sound principles would have dictated heavy

taxation from the first, and effecting the necessary

losses to carry on the war by going into the

money-markets of the world, and getting the

money at the best rates possible. But the opening

of the rebellion, so formidable was the char-

acter of the rebellion, depressed all trade and busi-

ness, and ruined our credit in the great money-

markets. The people neither could nor would

bear the necessary taxation—the capitalists

would not lend their money. The war, in one

word, could not go on, on sound financial prin-

ciples.

What then? We did what our forefathers

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LOVE-CHEAT.

I
She loved me, she said, and she loves it;
She loves it a thousand times;
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

II
And numerous tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly chit.

III
She rathed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes in return
And now, by the floods lonely,
Her letters I smilingly burn.

IV
For loud are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And the leant on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

V
Ah, well! let her live and be married;
Her letters are burnt, and I see
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

J. A. LANGFORD.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydon," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir,"
"The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866,
by Mrs. H. Wood, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Miss Davenal made her dinner deliberately; she never hurried over anything; and went out afterwards on foot, attended by Neal. Neal rightly judged that she was going to the Abbey, but she did not dare to ask. She, Sara, went to the drawing-room, from old custom; shivering as she stepped up the wide staircase: not from cold, but from the loneliness that seemed to pervade the house. She had not got over that sense of strange and nameless dread which the presence of the dead imparts and leaves behind it. The drawing-room was lighted as usual; no alteration had been made in its shape, a nervous superstition began to creep over her. Perhaps the bravest of us have at times experienced such.

How glad she was to hear a footstep passing the door, let those tell who have felt this! Had she been flying from some palpable danger, she could not more hastily have flung it open. Watson was descending from her chamber, a candle and a letter in her hand.

"Do come in for a minute, Watson! The room feels so lonely."

"Ah, Miss Sara, the loneliness is not in the room," was the woman's response, as she entered. "I declare my own chamber up-stairs seems queer to me, and I am of an age to know better. What a change a week sometimes makes in a home! And there'll be changes still! I shall be gone; gone to that bewilering place, London," she added, giving a sort of twitch to the letter; "and to Jeasy, she told me just now that she thought from hints dropped by my mistress that she should have to leave. Do you know, Miss Sara?"

"There will be changes, of course. I don't know what yet."

She spoke in a hasty tone, one not inviting the renewal of the subject. It could only be to her a topic of pain. A short silence, and Watson was preparing to leave the room, when the knock of a visitor was heard.

"Will you see any one to-night, Miss Sara?"

"Yes, oh, yes." It was a welcome break to her loneliness, and Sara thought it could be only Mr. Wheatley or her cousin Caroline. Certainly she was not prepared to see the one whom Watson came up again to usher in: Mr. Oswald Cray.

Every pulse of her body stood still for a moment and then bounded onwards; every thrill of her heart went out to him in a joyous greeting. In this dreadful sorrow and sadness, he had but been growing all the dearer.

He was still in deep mourning. He looked taller, finer, more noble than of yore, or she fancied it, as he bent a little to her and took her hand, and kept it. He saw the quiver of the slight frame; he saw the red rose that dyed the pale cheeks with blushes, and Mr. Oswald Cray knew that he was no forgotten by her, any more than she was by him. But he knew also that both of them had only one thing to do—to bury these feelings now, to condemn them to oblivion for the future. The daughter of Dr. Davenal dead, could be no more a wife for him, Oswald Cray, than the daughter of Dr. Davenal living, and most certainly he was the last man to be betrayed into forgetting that uncompromising fact.

The rose blush faded away, and he saw how weak and worn was her cheek; young, fragile, almost childish she looked in her evening dress of black, the jet chain on her white shoulders. Insensibly his voice assumed a tenderness rarely used to her.

"I have ventured on the privilege of a friend in calling at this late hour," were the first words he spoke. "I could not quit the town without seeing you, but I came to it only an hour ago, and leave again to-night. Miss Davenal! I see how it is! You are suffering more than is good for you."

But for the very greatest effort, the tears she had believed to have put under permanent control would have dropped then. A moment's pause for calmness, and she remembered that her hand was lying in his, withdrew it, and sat down quietly in a chair, pointing to one for him. But the forced calmness brought a sickness to her heart, a pallor to her aching brow.

"How shall I tell you of my sympathy in your deep sorrow? I cannot express it; but you will believe me when I say that I feel it almost as you can do. It is indeed a trying time for you; a grief which has come to you all too early."

"Yes," she gently answered, swallowing the lump that kept rising in her throat. "I have a good deal to bear."

"There is only one comfort to be felt at these times—and that the mourner can but rarely feel," he said, drawing his chair near to her.

"It lies in the knowledge, the recollection that

Time, the great healer, will bind up the sorriest wounds."

"It can never bind up mine," she said, speaking in the moment's impulse. "But you are very kind; you are very kind to try to cheer me."

"I wish I could cheer you! I wish I could remove every sorrow under which you suffer! No one living would be a true friend to you than I should like to be. How is Miss Davenal?" he continued, possibly fancying he might be saying too much, or at least that a construction he never intended might appear to belong to his words. Watson said she was out. I suppose, in point of fact, she will not see me to-night. I know what war I wage with etiquette in being here so soon and at this hour, and Miss Davenal is a close observer of it. Will you forgive me?"

"Indeed I am glad to see you," said Sara, simply. "I am doubly glad, for I feel almost ashamed to confess I was getting too nervous to be alone. My aunt is out; she went to the abbey as soon as dinner was over. I am glad to see you thus early," she added, "because I have a word to say to you—from from—paper."

"Yes," said Oswald, lifting his head with slight eagerness, an unusual thing for him to do.

"In the letter he wrote to you, and which I sent—the letter you received," she continued, looking at him and pausing.

"Yes?"

"He spoke of Mrs. Cray's money in it, as he told me. He wished you to interest yourself and see that it was settled upon her. When he wrote that letter, he was almost past exertion, and had to conclude it abruptly, not having said so much as he wished to say. Therefore he enjoined me to urge it upon you from him. He thought—I believe he thought that Mark Cray was inclined to be careless, and that the money might be wasted unless some one interfered. That was all."

"I shall speak to Mark. Most certainly I will urge the settlement of the money on his wife, should there be occasion for it; but I imagine Mark will naturally so settle it without any urging. It is quite incumbent on him to do so, both as a matter of prudence and that it is his wife's money, not his."

"I don't think Mark has much notion of prudence," she rejoined.

"I don't think he has, in a general way. But the most careless would surely act in accordance with his dictates, in a case like this. I am going to the Abbey presently."

"I fancy that papa thought—or wished—that you would be one of the trustees, should trustees be required."

"I should have no objection," said Oswald, after a pause. "But—to go to another subject, Dr. Davenal's death sudden at the last?"

"Quite at the last it was. He had some days of dangerous illness, and he rallied from it, as we all supposed. It was thought he was out of danger, and he sat up: he sat up for several hours—and died."

"He spoke the words quietly, almost as she might have told of the death of one not related to her, her hands clasped on her lap, her face a little bent, her eyelids drooping. But Oswald Cray saw that it was the calmness that proceeds from stern schooling of the heart which can only be enforced by those heavy-laden with hopeless pain."

"He died sitting up?"

"Yes. It was getting late, but he would not return to bed. He had been talking to me about many things; I was on a low seat, my head leaning against him. He died with his arm round me."

"What a trial! What a shock it must have been!"

"I had no idea he was dead. He ceased talking, and I remained quiet, not to disturb him. My Aunt Bettina came in, and saw what had happened."

He scarcely knew what to say in answer.

All comments at such a time are gravely inadequate. He murmured some words of pity for the fate of Dr. Davenal, of compassion for her.

"It is Hallingham that deserves, perhaps, most of real pity," she resumed, speaking in this matter-of-fact way that she might succeed in retaining her composure. "I do not know who will replace my father; no one, I fear, for a long time. If you knew how he is mourned—"

She stopped, perhaps at a loss for words.

"Did he suffer much?" asked Mr. Oswald Cray.

"He suffered here"—touching her chest—"but the pain ceased the last day or two, and the breathing got better. He had a great deal of pain of mind—as—perhaps—you—know. He was quite resigned to die; he said God was taking him to a better home."

Still at cross purposes. Sara's hesitating avowal pointed to a different cause of mental pain from that assumed by Oswald Cray.

"Yes," he at length said, abstractedly, for neither spoke for a few minutes. "It is a loss to Hallingham. This will be sad news to write to your brother."

"It is already written. The mail has been gone a day or two. Oh, yes! it will be grievous news for Edward."

The last words were spoken in a tone of intense pain. She checked it, and began talking of her aunt, of Caroline, of anything; almost as if she doubted herself. She told him she had been out that day to see the two little boys. At length he rose to leave.

"Will you not stay and take some tea? I do not suppose my aunt will be long."

He declined. He seemed to have grown more cold and formal. Until he took her hand in leaving, and then the tender tone of voice, the pleasant look of the eye shone out again.

"May Heaven be with you!" he whispered,

"and render your future days happier than they can be just now. Fare you well! I hope to hear good news of you from time to time."

Which was of course equivalent to saying that he should not be a visitor. She had not expected that he would be. He turned back as he gained the door.

"If I can be of service to you at any time or in any way, I hope you will not hesitate to command me. Nothing would give me so much gratification as the being of use to you, should need arise."

It was very polite, it was very kind, and at the same time very formal. Perhaps the strangest part throughout the interview to Sara's ears was that when he had called her "Miss Davenal," for it presented so great a contrast to the past; the past which was at an end for ever.

He went out, shown through the hall by Jeasy, and leaving his card on the standing waiter for Miss Davenal. All as ripe. And Sara in the large drawing-room, so dreary now, remained on in her pain, alone.

PART XXXL

MARY'S NEW PLANS.

"It is connected with mines and pumping, and all that sort of thing," hoddily explained Mark.

"Mines and pumping!"

"Caroline, dear, you cannot be expected to understand these things. Extraneous fortunes are being made at them," continued Mark, in a repartee. "Some of the mines yield fifty thousand pounds profit the first year of working. I deserve when I first heard of Barker's prospects I was fit to eat my fingers off, feeling that I was tied down to be a pauper pitiful country surgeon. Folks go ahead nowadays, Caroline. And, as Barker has generously come forward with the offer that I should join him, I think I ought to accept it in justice to you. My share the first year would be about three thousand, he computes."

"But it's very tiresome, Mark!"

"It is. I am nearly sick of it."

"It is not agreed, your work."

"Well, no; one speaks at random. Some of the doctor's older patients have left me; they think, I suppose, I am not sufficiently experienced. But I have a great deal to do just now; more, in fact, than I can attend to properly."

Mark resumed his gobbling, and his wife watched him, her lips a little relaxing. Caroline was one of those who must have all things go smoothly; she could not bear to be put out, even in trifles.

"Mr. Wheatley has been here, Mark," she presently said.

"What did he want?"

"He wanted to see you. Something about the selling of my uncle's house."

"He is losing no time," observed Mark, some acrimony in his tone. "I wonder he didn't begin about it yesterday when we were there, hearing the will read? But what have I to do with it?"

"He wants us to take the house—to buy it, I think."

"I daresay he does," retorted Mark, after a pause of surprise. "Where's the money to come from?"

"There's that money of mine. He said it would be a good investment."

"Did he? I wonder what business it is of his!"

"Caroline, my dear, you and I are quite capable of managing our own affairs, without being dictated to."

"Of course we are!" answered Caroline, rather firing at the absent Mr. Wheatley, as this new view was presented to her.

Mark said no more just then. He finished his dinner, and had the things taken away. Then, instead of sitting down to his wine, his usual custom, he stood up on the hearth-rug, as though he were cold—or restless. Mark Cray had been reared to extravagance in a petted home, and looked for his wine daily, as surely as any old alderman, looks for it. Oswald Cray, reared without a home, and to schoolboy fare, adhered still, in a general way, to the water, to which he had been trained. Oswald's plan was the most profitable, so far as the pocket was concerned; and the health, too.

"I say, Caroline, I want to go to London for a day."

"To London?" echoed Caroline, turning her chair to the fire.

"There's the grandest opening! there's the grand opening for a fortune to be made there. And—Caroline—I think I shall quit Hallingham."

Mr. Cray's violet eyes extended themselves in the extreme of wonder. She sat staring at him.

"Caroline, I know the profession, and how I came ever to be such a fool as to go into it I cannot understand," said Mark, throwing himself on a chair as he plunged into confidence.

"So long as the doctor lived, I could not well say anything about it; I did not see my way clear to do so. But things have altered now, and I think I shall give up the medical life."

"But—good gracious, Mark!—I can't understand," exclaimed Caroline, in her bewilderment.

"If you give up your profession, you give up our means of living. We can't starve."

"Starve!" laughed Mark. "Can't you trust me better than that? Look here, Caroline; let us come to figures. I don't suppose I should clear at first above eight hundred a-year, or so, by the practice!"

"Oh, Mark! how delightful it will be! And where should we live, Mark?"

"We'd live at the West End, Caroline; some where about Hyde Park. You should have your open and close carriages, and your saddle-horses and servants—everything as it ought to be. No end of good things may be enjoyed with three thousand a-year."

"Would it stop at three thousand, Mark?" she questioned, with sparkling eyes.

"I don't expect it would stop at twenty," coolly asserted Mark. "How far it would really go on to, I'm afraid to guess. In saying three thousand, I have taken quite the minimum of the first year's profits."

"Oh, Mark! don't let it escape you. Write to-night and secure it. How do you know but Barker may be giving it to somebody else?"

She was growing more cagey than he. In her inexperience she knew nothing of such a miserable calamity as failure or deceit. Not that her husband was purposely deceiving her; he fully believed in the good luck he spoke of. Mark Cray's was one of those sanguine, roving natures which see an immediate fortune in every new scheme brought to them—if it be only wild enough.

"How long have you known of this, Mark?"

"Oh, a month or two. But, as you see, I would not stir in it. I should like to run up to town for a day to meet Barker; and, on my return, we'd set about the arrangements for leaving. There will be no more lonely dinners for you, Caroline, once we are away from here. I shall not have to be beating about all hours and weathers from one patient's door to another, or dancing attendance on that precious infirmary, knowing that you are sitting at home waiting for me, and the meal getting cold."

"Oh, Mark! how delightful it will be! And, perhaps, you would never have risen into note as my uncle did."

"No, I never should. Dr. Davenal's heart was in his profession, mine."

Mark Cray stopped abruptly. The avowal upon his lips had been "mine recollects it."

LOVE AND GLORY.

Show she up here,
And sighing heartily she reached his side;
Her dark eyes looked melancholy wise.
"No need to part!" she cried.

Gravely he bent to kiss her upturned face:
"My love, a laggard should I stay behind,
When all my comrades press to win the race?
What glory should I find?"

"O glory, glory!" bitterly spoke she,
"Thou'st broken many a loving woman's
heart;
What need to stop betwix my love and me,
That never thought to part?"

"Nay, little wife, unreasoning woman now,
When humor calls a coward only stays!
Perchance a laurel wreath upon my brow
May rest ere many days."

"A few green leaves against a thousand fears!
What of thy little 'olive leaves' at home?
Glory and fame!—a broken heart and tears!
How soon this wish to roam!" C. B.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER X.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

They stood long thus. Neither of the two was in a hurry to break the silence. The music from the ball-room reached them in long gusts of sweet sound, and then died away. Outside the house there was no sound except the jarring cry of a night-bird flitting among the trees, now fast becoming bare of their russet leaves. One other sound there was—faint rustling, such as the wind might have caused, among the laurels and hollies of the shrubbery; but there was no wind.

Aurelia was quite silent, and so was her companion. But silence is very eloquent sometimes, and each of the two who stood, side by side, on the terrace, knew perfectly well that on the other's ear a casual, indifferent remark would have fallen painfully. Each, by some magnetism of sympathy, seemed conscious of the other's thoughts, and yet no word of love had been uttered.

Lord Lynn felt Aurelia's arm tremble as it rested on his own. He was the first to break the stillness.

"Aurelia," he said, and as he said it, he took her hand, "I asked you to come with me here. I had something to say to you. Can you guess what it is?"

No answer. The pretty hand in Lord Lynn's clasp lay quite still and passive. Aurelia's head was turned away. She was gazing into the dark garden, where the lamps gleamed here and there among the trees. The rustling among the laurels continued.

"I wished, Aurelia, to know my fate; to ask whether the dear prize I have set my heart on winning can be mine. It is not the first time that I have longed to speak as I now speak; but I did not dare to ask, because I felt how blank and wretched the world would seem to me, were I denied. And—it is the old, old story, and is best told in the plain old words. I love you, Aurelia—I have loved you a long time. Can you learn to love me a little? Will you be mine, my very own, my wife?"

The speaker's voice was low as he uttered these words, but it was very distinct, tremulous as it was with unvoiced emotion. Had there been any lurking spy among the thick shrubs beneath, no doubt Lord Lynn's proposal would have reached his ears; but spies, in the nineteenth century, seldom prowl about a peaceful country-house, and the feeble stir and sound among the glossy dark green of the holly-bushes and laurels, which had been merely such as the passage of some bird or animal might have produced, had wholly ceased.

Aurelia did not answer. Maidenly reserve might perhaps have sealed her lips, and for the same cause her fair face might have been averted. Or this appearance of bashful coyness might have been the merest feigning, the comedy, older than the Flood, played out by generations of artful women at the moment when the lover they had used every wile to ensnare was brought to their feet at last. But if that last uncharitable supposition were the truth, it was not the whole truth. Supposing that Aurelia, under her cold exterior, felt a thrill of triumph as she heard Lord Lynn tell his love, there was a well-spring of bitterness in her heart that mingled with the worldly exultation of the victory. Why else was the hand that lay in Lord Lynn's so nerveless and chill, that, but for the faint glow that enclosed it, its cold contact would have been as the touch of a dead woman's hand? Why else did a shiver run through the limbs of the proud beauty as she drank in the awrav of the attachment for which she had schemed and striven? Above all, why else did the one word, "wife!" lowly murmured, and with almost a moan of anguish, pass her lips? Assuredly there was no acting there. For a moment, Aurelia almost had given up her purpose, as she looked down into the gulf into which she was about to plunge. To reach that gulf, she had plotted and fought her way on, now among thorns, now along paths that seemed strewn with flowers; and now she was on the giddy brink, and she looked down, and it seemed that her fall would be among flowers, too, and that the leap was a safe one, and yet she hesitated. For one brief instant, her good and evil angels strove for the mastery, and it seemed as though the good might prevail. She had done wrong; yes, but perhaps she had not sinned inexpiably; she could draw back, at least, from further guilt.

Lord Lynn spoke again, anxious at her long silence, and anguishing ill from it.

"I know," he said, "that I am not worthy of you, except that I love you so much. I have wasted the best years of my youth in idle wanderings, and have made little use of the talents, such as they are, which have been given me. My hope was, that with a home as happy and steadfast as mine might be, if you would share it, Aurelia, I might redeem the wasted past, and be of some real use to England, after all. But I see I have been dreaming. You do not care for me; you do not think me worthy of—"

"Hush!" said Aurelia, interrupting him as she turned towards him for the first time, and speaking with quite unusual energy, and in a broken voice that faltered with real emotion—for the most astute of human beings cannot always suppress their feelings—"hush! your words give me pain. You are worthy!—worthy of more than—that I can give."

Quick as thought now came the eager question, the half-whispered answer:

"You do care for me, then? Darest, noblest girl—I may hope, may I not?"

"Yes! if it will really make you happy—yes!"

And Lord Lynn's arm encircled Aurelia's waist as he drew her towards him, and called her, along with fifty fine names, such as doves used before Abel rose, his own, beautiful, glorious wife.

But even at that moment Aurelia turned aside, as one who sees a spectre, and starting back, pointed to the garden, exclaiming, with a stifled shriek: "There, there!" An instant afterwards, the flash and report of firearms succeeded to that shriek, and a pistol was discharged from amid the dense shrubs below.

With a low moaning cry, Aurelia staggered and fell, a white heap of shuddering satin and quivering gems and bare white arms on which the bracelets flashed in the pale yellow lamp-light. The man to whom she had just pledged her troth was of tried courage, and had faced death in most shapes, and soon dear comrades struck down at his side, but never had he felt such an agony of terror and pain as now. He sprang back from the edge of the terrace, from which he had caught a glimpse of a dark human form bursting its way recklessly through the matted evergreens, and making for the open lawn. The assassin, whenever he might be, was escaping, but he scarcely gave the wretched a thought; his whole soul was wrapped up in Aurelia's fate. Dead! he believed her to be dead, for she did not speak when he raised her from the ground, addressing her the while in words of the tenderest entreaty, begging for a word, as none was left but a mother beside her dying child or a lover beside his dying mistress. Dead! Half stupefied by the thought, he bore her into the house, meeting numbers of the guests and servants, who came hurrying at the sound of the pistol-shot. He made no answer to their questions; he never stopped or spoke until he reached the ball-room, and laid his fair, insensible burden on a sofa.

Then what a clatter of alarmed voices arose, and next what a hush, a dreadful silence, when none dared, as it were, to speak a word! Dead! surely dead! Yet how beautiful, with an awful beauty she looked, lying there, passive, on the crimson velvet of the sofa, with her haughty head lying helpless on the cushion, her hair loose, and her white face fearfully still and calm. There were stains of blood on her white satin robe, spots of dark tell-tale red on her uncovered neck, and blood was slowly trickling down the white arm that hung loosely down from the edge of the sofa, the rounded, graceful arm, on whose wrist the diamonds glittered still, as in mockery. The oppressive silence was broken by one who had a right to be heard, by poor George Darcy, who came forward, with a large reward, you can say, will—

"The Home Secretary will no doubt offer a reward—hundred pounds, I dare say," said Sir Joseph, the county member, looking majestic.

"I will give the reward myself—not one, but five hundred pounds, to the person who captures that scoundrel," said Lord Lynn. "But talking is useless. Don't disturb Mr. Darcy; but pray, send word to the village, and let us search the garden. The Indians in the Far West taught me to follow a trail, and it is strange if he has left no foot prints in the soft mould. Who will go with me?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Aurelia, wildly. "Do not follow him. Pray, let him go. Poor wretch! He is mad, perhaps. It may be a mistake. Do not hurt him. Let him go; please let me go with him."

"The sooner we get Miss Darcy away, the better," said the doctor, knowingly; "this is too much for any lady's nerves."

The doctor triumphed; and Aurelia, reluctant as she was, was removed to her own room; while a number of gentlemen, among whom some young Nimrods of the county vied with the officers from Coventry in zeal, followed Lord Lynn to the garden. The Guardsman had not made an idle boast of his own powers in tracking a fox. He soon found, among the branches of the evergreens, the blackened wadding of the discharged pistol, and near it footprints deeply stamped into the mossy mould of the garden. These he carefully examined, measured, and proceeded to follow out through the course which the fugitive had pursued when he rushed from the cover. But Lord Lynn, like many another adventurer, was checkmated by the unseasonable ardor of his friends. Had his companions been his old allies—the Big Buffalo, the Black Fox, and other Pawnee or Sioux warriors—or had the young nobleman been alone, all might have been well; but it was found that the Coventry officers and the sporting squires had so trampled the flower beds and turf, scouring lawns and beating thickets with whoop and halloo, with twinkling lanterns and flaring candles, that Chingachgook himself would have been baffled in such a quest. The trail was hopelessly lost.

"We shall catch him to-morrow. The police will put salt on his tail, no fear."

Such were the consolatory assurances of the male part of the company. The carriages rolled up in a long file, and the guests drove off. The Mainwarrings lingered to the last. Lucy, with the hood of her scarlet mantle drawn over her pretty head, came to meet her cousin, her honest brown eyes smiling through tears.

"She is better, Hastings," said the sweet girl, artlessly. "The doctor says she will soon be well now. She has fallen asleep, the housekeeper told me, and sleeps quite gently, like a child, quite glad."

Lord Lynn turned his own face away from Lucy as he took both her hands and pressed them gratefully. He was very much moved, and he did not wish Lucy to see how much. Perhaps some dim struggling idea was in his mind that he had behaved ill, or at least imprudently, in courting the society of this girl, his kinswoman, as he had done. How she came to him in her unselfish trouble for another! There was no mean jealousy there, neither was there any consciousness in her tone or manner, to tell that she knew why he, of all others, should be interested in Aurelia. There was nothing there but sheer innocent kindness. How, if she should have taken his attentions for more than they were worth? How, if— Absurd!

"Lucy, you are a dear, good girl. Thank you. Few men ever had such a darling little sister as you are. Good night; I shall see you to-morrow."

And he was gone. Lucy thought of his words hours afterwards, when Chanticleer's faint crow came from the home farm, and the day was dawning gray to eastward. Yes, he was very kind, and he had pressed her hands, and his voice had been quite trembling, and unlike what it usually was. Did that mean that he loved her? Or was it only his pity for poor Aurelia Darcy's great danger? Sister! Why did he say that? But he had spoken tenderly; and Lucy fell asleep again, and her dreams were happy dreams.

CHAPTER XI.

RAFFLED.

For some days after the event which had been so near crowning the festivities of the Beechborough ball with a tragic and melancholy end,

"I did see the man; he seemed to have been hidden among the shrubs, and he made a rush for the lawn. He was dressed in dark clothes. I did not see his face at all; I should not know him from Adam."

There was a flutter and bust of disappointment among the company. Aurelia sank back with a deep sigh, very like a sigh of relief. A disinterested observer might have said that she really seemed glad that Lord Lynn had failed to identify the assassin. But there were no disinterested observers there; even the doctor was in error.

"You are tired and faint, my dear young lady; and no wonder. The sooner you get to your own room and to bed the better. Could you walk with help or shall we carry you?"

"Thank you, Dr. Gillies; I can walk, I am sure. But you make me out worse than I am. It was nothing—only the sudden shock, and I was silly. I never was so foolish before; and I have stopped the dancing, and spoilt everything. O how silly of me! and how kind you all are! I really beg your pardon, dear Lady Midgett," said Aurelia, smiling with sickly white lips and making a weak effort to rise.

"O, dear Miss Darcy, pray, pray don't. We are only concerned for you; indeed, that is all; and how thankful we are it is now all happily and mercifully over, and no real great harm done to you—and after such a pleasant, delightful evening! O, we should never have forgotten ourselves!"

Five female voices said these words as with one breath; and they crowded about Aurelia, and would have smothered her with well-meant caresses but for the doctor's stern authority. As for Lucy Mainwaring, she took Aurelia's hand and kissed it, weeping the while. She saw nothing in her but a dear friend, brought back to her by calamity, not a rival. There was no rivalry in Lucy's heart. But by this time Lord Lynn had rallied his faculties, more disturbed by Aurelia's danger than the known, tried soldier could have thought possible.

"Get lanterns, gentlemen," he said. "Get some of the horses in the stables saddled, and send some one to the village to tell the young fellows to turn out and hunt down that villain. A large reward, you can say, will—

"The Home Secretary will no doubt offer a reward—hundred pounds, I dare say," said Sir Joseph, the county member, looking majestic.

"I will give the reward myself—not one, but five hundred pounds, to the person who captures that scoundrel," said Lord Lynn. "But talking is useless. Don't disturb Mr. Darcy; but pray, send word to the village, and let us search the garden. The Indians in the Far West taught me to follow a trail, and it is strange if he has left no foot prints in the soft mould. Who will go with me?"

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Aurelia lay helpless and worn out upon her down pillows, like a hurt bird, that has received the most only to die there. Not that her life was in any real danger from the slight injuries which the pistol-shot inflicted. The single, five or six of which had been picked up on the terrace, followed by striking again the wall, had but grazed her neck; and even the loss of blood was but trifling. Mr. Killick and Mr. Barker, called in to consult with Dr. Gillies, agreed more cordially than doctors often agree, that no bad consequence need be feared, narrow as the escape from death had been.

But Aurelia's nerves had been prostrated by the terrible shock; prostrated to an extent doubly surprising in that singular organization, so firm in health and vigor of body and mind. So it was, however, that she, who had scarcely known a day's illness since her injury, whose courage was a proverb in the household, and whose strong will was renowned by all who approached her, now lay weak and ghastly, scarcely able to converse even with her father, who spent most of the day at her bedside, reading to her, doing his errand best to comfort her.

It follows as a matter of course that Miss Darcy was quite unable to receive any of the visitors who drove or rode over to the Hall to inquire after her health, or even to reply to any of the numerous kind notes and messages that poured in from all quarters of the compass. I think people liked Aurelia better, now that she was then brought low by suffering, than ever they had done when they saw her in the pride of her youth and beauty, like some deep-rooted column that seems to bid defiance to tempest and earthquake. Certain it is that they were really sorry for her, and undignifiedly hoped to hear of her recovery. Lord Lynn came every day, and even twice a day. Hollingsay is a good twelve miles from Beechborough, but the young nobleman always seemed to have business which took him some miles further into the country, and he could call at Beechborough on his way back, late in the day, and do so. The servants at the Hall smiled and nodded significantly at one another as they commented on the young man's frequent visits. But his groan could have told them—only that the groan who rode after Lord Lynn was an ex-soldier of his lordship's company of the Foot Guards, and too well drilled into discretion and obedience for such idle talkings—could have told them that Lord Lynn's ride extended no further than a lonely inn at Grove Ferry, three miles off, much haunted by anglers in summer, and that there he put up his horses, and rambled aimlessly along the river banks, killing time, until the sluggish hours had brought round the moment when he could decently canter again into George Darcy's domain, and again ask the gray-haired butler for news of Miss Darcy.

Once Aurelia, whose sense of hearing was morbidly sharpened by the condition of her health, heard her lover's voice at the Hall-door, and the ringing of his bridle and the pawing of his horse's hoofs upon the gravel. She sent her father down to speak to him; and it was a comfort to Lord Lynn to converse for a minute with George Darcy, because he had just left Aurelia. For the rest, Hastings, Baron Lynn, led but an anxious, uncomfortable life of it. He avoided his friends, even the Mainwarrings. Some feeling, the nature of which he hardly divined, kept him away from Stoke. Lucy waited in vain; he never came; but his chief occupation was waylaying Dr. Gillies, who drove over daily with post-horses from the town where he lived and practised. The young lord was always meeting Dr. Gillies on his return journey, now on the rushy common at Bittenham, now on the broad flint-strewn road near Redbarns, now on the wooded hill of Nutcote, where many a highwayman had lurked in George III's time. The very postilions learned to pull up their nags by instinct, when they saw Lord Lynn; and the old physician's eye always twinkled slyly as he responded to the young man's questions. Dr. Gillies had eyes to see into such a millstone as that of this excessive interest on the part of a man of eight or nine and twenty for a beautiful patient of his.

THE SMUGGLER'S TRICK.

Founded on Fact.

out of the boat, low and swampy in that place, he had instantly recognized certain half-obliterated marks, leading to the river, as caused by the same trend which had left its impression in the shore-story.

"The steps went to the river," said the sergeant impudently; "but never a one came back. The steps were not right in his head, we all feel sure of that. Mad or drunk he must have been, for no crookerman in his senses would have behaved so; and though there are plenty of ill-conditioned scamps at liberty, no one could have had a grudge against the young lady, that's certain. Once the superintendent fancied it was my lord, the shot was intended for, but that's not likely. His lordship has been half his life abroad, don't presume to speak of, don't act as a magistrate, nor nothing. The shot that we're after is just me, me at least, for it's my belief he's deserved himself."

George Darley was quite shocked. He thought the gallows a fit doom for any man, in his right mind, who should have attempted to cut short his daughter's young life by a wanton act of spite or revenge. But the idea of some poor creature of disordered intellect making the murderous attempt, and then escaping human chastisement by a self-inflicted death, horrified the master of Beechborough. The sergeant went on—

"Drawn! It's the first idea comes into the head of a poor crazy creature in trouble to go and get rest at the bottom of the black water; and it's likely enough that this one did as they mostly do. 'We got the drags, and we dragged every yard of the river for half a mile or more; and we found nothing. But there came a fresh wind after your ball, sir, and there was rain enough, and flood enough, to wash the body half-way to the sea. Most probably he'll never be found now."

"Then you really—think—he is—is dead-drawn?" Aurelia's gray eyes looked larger than usual, and her white face more drawn and eager as she asked this.

Her father begged her not to excite herself.

The sergeant eyed her stealthily before he answered, weighing every word:

"Miss, I do believe it; so do we all. 'Tis not my fancy, but the judgment of every one of the superior officers among us, as well as the London gentlemen from the Yard. He's dead and drowned, poor chap."

"Poor wretch, poor wretch! Heaven help and forgive him! Heaven pity him! Oh what have I done!" broke out Aurelia in a hoarse harsh tone, quite unlike the usual soft music that dropped from her lips; and a few great tears gathered in her eyes, and blinded her, to her father's surprise, for she did not weep, as most girls do, easily and for light cause. It took as much grief or pain to dim Aurelia's gray eyes as it does to wring tears from a strong man. Impatiently, angrily, she bit her lip till it bled, and dashed the drops away with her weak hand. "I was—shocked; it is over now," she said, slowly, and gave her father a look which, for a wonder, he understood; and therewith the policeman was freed and civilly dismissed.

"You have agitated yourself too much, my love," said her father, chidingly; "it was wrong, very wrong. What would Dr. Gillies say?"

"No, papa, for I feel better already. I shall get well and strong very soon now, you will see. I know I am a true prophet!" And Aurelia laughed, but there was no music in her laugh.

Meanwhile the police-sergeant, joining him in his gig, muttered this colloquy: "Something amiss with that young lady. A secret loom, or I'm not John Miller. She knows more than she cares to tell. Pash! that's an old story with women. Mr. D. behaved decently, though. Ten sous, besides expenses. We share at the station; I suppose that I ought to pouch half."

The Cavalry Horse.

The cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long lists of varying trumpet signals as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, without requiring any reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle, or lose his stirrups, he stops in a moment, and waits for him; if he remain lying on the ground, he stoops his head, sniffs at him, and when he ascertains that there is no hope of his remounting, makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in the movements of the rest.

Music has an amazing influence over him. If an air be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated, and move briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division stretched out on the ground, the sleeping confusedly together, a jumbled mass, which it would be impossible to disentangle; men and horse side by side, the rider using his horse as a pillow, or rolling himself beside it to shield himself from the cold, the faithful creature seldom changing the position it has once taken. If it did so, it is with the greatest precaution; first it moves its head and legs, endeavoring gently to free itself; then it raises or turns itself very slowly and carefully, so as not to trample upon or disturb those who surround it. If the halt take place when the ground is wet or frozen, the rider will gladly force his horse to one side after it has lain down awhile, which by that time is warm, if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship subsists between man and horse, as the result of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider; he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways; knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him, and has this advantage over many another good comrade—that he does not grow weary even of suffering for him.

"An evidence of presence of mind worthy of consideration by all young women who read by candle or gaslight, is related by an English paper, of a lady whose dress caught fire from such a cause, and being in her bed-room, she immediately jumped into bed and drew the clothes over her; and having thus put out the fire without difficulty, she escaped without material injury.

"Towns should be taking measures for raising their quotas under the anticipated call for 300,000 men. Town meetings for this purpose have already been called in some places.

"One fellow says, when his stockings wear out, he turns up the toes straight across, and puts them on his feet the other way, thus making a good fit for square-toed boots.

below the body was to leave the ship the cliff was crowded by the villagers, the women, with their shrubs tied over their heads, leading their children by their hands.

"Punishments are always a great attraction to our people, but since the last Earl at the castle was buried, none had caused so much interest as this.

"Four Skipper Darley?" says my old woman, "won't he feel homesick just, when he gets back to his ship without his missus?"

"'Worry,' says I, 'no doubt; he ain't been married more nor two years. Lor, what a good sort of a female she must have been, all the time so fond of her; look you here, old lady, through the glass. D'ye see the figure-head of the vessel yonder?'

"'Yes,' says she, resting the glass on my shoulder; 'a figure of a woman in a green gown and yellow hair.'

"'That be no doubt an exact likeness of Mary Ann Darley,' says I; 't's a very common plan that, and as old Cap'N Mist, as commanded the *Tilda* years ago, used to say: "Whenever I follows my wife I goes right; as I sticks her at the end of my vessel, the *Tilda* allers goes right."

"'Lor!' says my wife, again looking through the glass, "how beautiful Mrs. Mary Ann Darley must have been! Never did I see such a bust, hair and blemishes. They are coming at last; the boats are being let down."

"The church bells tolled sadly through the keen frosty air, and there was not a heart among all those on the cliff that did not feel the deepest sympathy for the widowed skipper.

"Slowly, and with a long measured stroke came the two boats, into the first of which we had noticed the coffin being lowered.

"The bier had been taken down to the shore, so, when they had all landed, the coffin was placed upon it, and borne up the gangway by four of the crew.

"The other four came behind; the skipper, who appeared dreadfully agitated, leaned heavily on the arm of the man with the big buttons, his face buried in his handkerchief, from which at times we could hear a deep sob."

"Up the little street the procession went, and among all the women there was not an eye that was not filled with tears.

"'Poor fellow!' said my wife, 'he do take on terrible, to be sure, that he certainly does. How kind his friend seems to him, bain't he crying just that too?'

"Mr. Coles met them at the church gate, and, with some sixty others, they entered the church. I and my wife stood at the corner of the yard and waited till they came out, which they did before long, and the coffin was lowered into the grave as the clock ceased to chime four.

"After it was all over, Mr. Coles went up and shook hands, in his kind way, with the skipper, and tried to console him. Much he seemed to require comforting, poor fellow!

"'Just let me look once more at my Mary Ann's coffin—one more look at Mary Ann Darley's grave after they fill it up for ever.'

"'Come along, poor mate,' said his friend, "and don't take on so terrible. I have spoken to the kind wif, and he says I will see to the monument being erected right, when you send the design from Newcastle. Only think, how comforting it will be, when you be a-sailing along past this here place with coals, to be able just to look through the glass and say, "I can see the place where, underneath an ill-gotten tomb, rests Mary Ann Darley what was so very dear to me as a wife and all those who knew her as such as a sister!"'

"These words seemed to have a comforting effect on the mind of the widower, who suffered himself to be led away, saying, in tones which deeply moved us all, 'Bless your good wif, and what wrote that tract, which alone perverts me following my Mary Ann to the grave broken-ard.'

"The bell began once more to toll, as the sexton filled up the grave, and hid from the admiring sight of the boys the rows of brass nails, which told that Mary Ann Darley was cut off at the early age of twenty-six.

"'Cut off as a tulip,' said the sexton, who always improved the occasion to the bystanders; "and her husband remains as an ostrich alone in the desert; and how I wonders he did not have a prick grave, which would have made her comfortable, and been 2d, 4d, into my breeches' pockets, which, as my wife has twins again, would be acceptable—very.'

"'Bless ye, John,' says my old woman, as we walked home, 'I don't know what ye would do without your missus, to get your meals ready and take the insides out of fishes, nor I without my old man; and it's this that makes me feel so bad about this poor young man as has lost his Mary Ann, which must have been very beautiful, if she was any way like the figure on the ship, which was most pleasing as seen through your glass.'

"I had that evening, I remember, left a net on the sea-shore, and as I passed the coast-guard station I saw the Lieutenant was watching the ship, which had not yet started. He called me up into the guard-room where he was seated.

"'Bill,' says he to me, 'three of my men unfortunately are at Darling this week. I must have at least five men to-night; so, if you wish to earn a good night's wages, be down at my house before eight this evening.'

"Before the appointed time I was at the Lieutenant's house; four of the coast-guard were seated round the kitchen fire, each armed with a musket and cutlass.

"'This is for you,' said the Lieutenant, handing me a cutlass and long pistol. 'Now follow me.'

"'Where are we to go to?' said I to the man with whom I had to walk.

"'To church,' says he.

"'To church?' says I. 'What a run go!'

"'A run, go, indeed,' says he; 'only it's orders not to talk—so don't say no more questions.'

"It was a clear night, and the frosty tombstones looked like ghosts as we entered the church, the key of which the Lieutenant had got. In a few minutes we were seated round the stove in the vestry, which we had lighted. A window was just opposite, and where I was sitting I could see the light of the strange ship in the offing, and a few yards before us was the new-made grave of the skipper's wife.

"I think we must have sat more than three hours, when I noticed the light on the ship, which was my turn to watch, moving; and through the night-glass I could see that a boat was being lowered into the sea. I called the attention of the Lieutenant to this fact, who said, 'All right—I thought so; but as they won't think of hunting nearer than the ruins, we shall have to wait some time yet, I'll be bound.'

"In less than an hour after this, just as the clock was chiming twelve, I distinctly saw four figures clambering over the church wall. Two of them stopped short and hid themselves under the shadow of an old tombstone, evidently to keep watch. The other two, keeping as much as possible out of the moonlight, advanced to the new-made grave before the

clock was out and buried at Carron, but it was so unwise that it proved next to useless. The piston could not be kept tight, notwithstanding the various expedients which were adopted of stuffing it with paper, cork, putty, pasteboard, and old hair. Even after Watt had removed to Birmingham, and he had the assistance of Boulton's best workmen, Nasution expressed the opinion, when he saw the engine at work, that it could never be brought into general use because of the difficulty of getting its various parts manufactured with sufficient precision. For a long time we had Watt, in his letters, complaining to his partner of the failure of his engines through 'villainous bad workmanship.' Sometimes the cylinders, when cast, were found to be more than an eighth of an inch wider at one end than the other; and under such circumstances it was impossible the engine could act with precision. Yet better work could not be had. First-rate workmen in machinery did not as yet exist; they were only in process of education. Fathers were induced to bring up their sons at the same bench with themselves, and initiate them in the dexterity which they had acquired by experience; and at Soho it was not unusual for the same precise line of work to be followed by members of the same family for three generations. In this way as great a degree of accuracy of a mechanical kind was secured as was practicable under the circumstances. But notwithstanding all this care, accuracy of fitting could not be secured so long as the manufacture of steam-engines was conducted mainly by hand. There was usually a considerable waste of steam, which the expedients of chewed paper and greased hats packed outside the piston were insufficient to remedy; and it was not until the invention of automatic machine-tools by the mechanical engineers about to be mentioned, that the manufacture of the steam-engine became a matter of comparative ease and certainty. Watt was compelled to rest satisfied with imperfect results, arising from imperfect workmanship. Thus, writing to Dr. Small respecting a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, he said, 'at the worst place the long diameter exceeded the short by only three eighths of an inch.' How different from the state of things at this day, when a cylinder five feet wide will be rejected as a piece of imperfect workmanship if it be found to vary in any part more than the eighteenth part of an inch in diameter!

"Not fifty years since it was a matter of the utmost difficulty to set an engine to work, and sometimes of equal difficulty to keep it going. Though fitted by competent workmen, it often would not go at all. Then the foreman of the factory at which it was made was sent for, and he would almost live beside the engine for a month or more; and after casting her here and screwing her up there, putting in a new part and altering an old one, packing the piston and tightening the valves, the machine would at length be got to work. Now the case is altogether different. The perfection of modern machine-tools is such that the utmost possible precision is secured, and the mechanical engineer can calculate on a degree of exactitude that does not admit of a deviation beyond a thousandth part of an inch. When the powerful oscillating engines of the 'Warrior' were put on board that ship, the parts, consisting of some five thousand separate pieces, were brought from the different workshops of the Messrs. Penn and Sons, where they had been made by workmen who knew not the places they were to occupy, and fitted together with such precision that so soon as the steam was raised and let into the cylinders, the immense machine began as if to breathe and move like a living creature, stretching its huge arms above a thousand horses to try its strength in breasting the billows of the North Sea.

"Such are among the triumphs of modern mechanical engineering, due in a great measure to the perfection of the tools by means of which all works in metal are now fashioned. These tools are themselves among the most striking results of the mechanical invention of the day. They are automata of the most perfect kind, rendering the engine and machine-maker in a great measure independent of inferior workmen. For the machine tools have no unsteady hand, are not careless nor clumsy, do not work by rule of thumb, and cannot make mistakes. They will repeat their operations a thousand times without tiring, or varying one hair's breadth in their action; and will turn out, without complaining, any quantity of work, all of like accuracy and finish.

* Beamish's *Memoir of Sir J. M. Brunei*; 79, 80.

* There was the same clumsiness in all kinds of mill-work before the introduction of machine-tools.

* We have heard of a piece of machinery of the old school which, when it was first put into use, made such a clatter that the owner feared the engine would fail to pieces. The foreman who set it going, after working at it until he was almost in despair, at last gave it up, saying, "I think we had better leave the cogs to settle their differences with one another: they will grind themselves right in time."

* FANATICISM AND IDOLATRY.—"The life and character of Robespierre," says Arnold, "has to me a most important lesson. It shows the frightful consequences of making everything give way to a favorite notion. The man was a just man, and humane naturally, but he would narrow everything to meet his own views, and nothing could check him at last. It was a most solemn warning to us what fanaticism may lead to in God's world. Fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it. That is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the part of his nature or his mind, which he least values—offers sacrifices to that which he most values."

* Hon. Anson Burlingame once made a speech in front of Tremont Temple, in the course of which he spoke of Bunker Hill Monument as "that tall, gray shaft on Bunker's Height."

The compositor made it read "that tall grey ship," &c.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Low Steam.

In the days when high-pressure steamers were the fashion, opposition to the rule, and racing the gaiters on the Western lakes, we heard, did and laughed at the following, did at Buffalo, by Jim Brundage, mate of the *Columbus*—The General Wayne and *Columbus* were both up for Detroit, and steamed up ready for a start. Captain, mates, mates and engineers were on the wharf, cheering and taking all sorts of bets about their own and the rival boat. Brundage boasted of Captain Frost, of the Wayne, who had in tow a squad of twenty-nine passengers, whose leader, however, and oracle was a strong-minded woman of forty-five, who didn't quite like the "snooty, high-pressure" steamboats, "what's all this lowin' up, besides scoldin' folks."

"But, my dear woman," said Brundage, "if you will just step this way a minute, I'll convince you that the *Columbus* can't blow up. It's impossible."

Brundage got the company to the gangway, and then brought out from the kitchen a bucket of water, not warmer than milk just from a cow.

"There, madam!" cried the exultant and trutiful officer. "We never heat our water hotter than that. So, you see, we can't blow up; and if we should, don't you see the water ain't hot enough to hurt anybody? We carry low steam, we do."

The argument prevailed, and the *Columbus* got that lot of passengers.

Upon another occasion, Brundage was at the sand packet landing, as the boat came in from Rochester, on Saturday evening, exercising all his eloquence to induce a company of very plausibly inclined travellers to take the *Columbus*, which was to leave Sunday morning. They objected to going on a Sunday boat, but still didn't like the expense of laying over in Buffalo till Sunday morning. Brundage's explanation satisfied and decided them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we don't do any Sunday work on the *Columbus*, only just to get her out of Buffalo. You see, we get up steam enough Saturday night to last us all the way to Detroit, and then, just as soon as we get past the light-house, we lash the wheel and let her jog along herself. She's been through so often, she knows the way just as well as any of us." They went with him.

A Brace of Tough Yarns.

B——y is noted among his friends for his big stories. The other day some one was relating in his hearing a remarkable feat of strength which he witnessed.

"That is nothing to what I saw in New Orleans in the winter of forty-nine," said B——y. "The load of shot I saw a man carry on that occasion beat everything in the lifting line that I ever heard of."

"Tell us about it," urged a listener, knowing that one of B——y's tough yarns was coming.

"Why, sir, I saw a man shoulder eight bushels of shot and carry it a square—carry it a whole square, sir, although he sent up to his knees in the pavements at every step."

"Oh, B——y, take off a bushel or two."

"Can't take off a shot."

"But that is no more wonderful," continued B——y, who was in a story-telling humor, "than what happened to me last fall while hunting on Pecos Lake."

His listeners drew their chairs closer around him, and lighting a fresh cigar, B——y went on.

"I discovered a fine large buck on the bank of the lake. I crept cautiously within good range, and taking deliberate aim, fired. Down went the buck, and down I went—the gun being heavily charged, and kicked me over. I was considerably stunned, but when I recovered and got up, I found that I had fallen upon and killed a very quail. The concussion of the gun had thrown the ramrod out, and looking for it, I saw it floating on the surface of the lake, a few rods from shore. Passing the dead body of the duck, I waded out to the ramrod, the water being up to my arm-pits, when judge of my astonishment to find the ramrod struck full of the finest kind of fish, which it had impaled as it darted through the water. As I was about to wade out, I felt something crawling inside my pants. Curious to know what it was, I took off my suspenders, tied them around the bottoms of my pants, and waded ashore. Reaching dry land, I extricated a bushel and a half of eels from my pants! It was the biggest shot I ever made."

There was silence for some time, when Col. B——y, who had been an attentive listener, simply remarked: "Augh, B——y, you will do."

A Politic Hint.

Rev. Mr. H—— was stationed at Appleton, Wisconsin, and was very much annoyed on the first Sabbath by the whispering and other improper conduct of some young gentlemen present. He stopped his discourse, and, fixing his eyes upon the offenders, said, "I very much dislike to reprove any one in a congregation where I am not acquainted, as I am afraid of making as great a mistake as Brother R—— once made at F——. While preaching his first sermon he was very much disturbed by the misconduct of an individual in the congregation, who, though several times reproved by Brother R——, only behaved the worse for it through the whole sermon. As Brother R—— was leaving the church after the services, one of the brethren accosted him with, 'Brother R——, didn't you know that man you reproved to-day was a fool?' It is needless to say the nuisance was abated."

THE PRESENT INFLATION.—Bill S—— is a good accountant, but like all men, will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that "8 times 8 are 88." The debtor was slow in discovering the mistake, and demanded an explanation. Bill examined the account and saw that he was "down" but did not like to admit it; so putting on a bold face, he said—

"That's all right."

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"It's all owing to the inflation of the currency," said Bill, "the multiplication table, like everything else, has gone up."

AN INVESTIGATION.—A Justice or Penn.—"No man," says Mrs. Portuguese, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my husband was; he knew when good hams were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."



THE MODEL WAITER.

CUSTOMER (indignantly). Reasonable! What, one dollar for a steak and rhubarb pie!

HEAD WAITER (blandy). Oh, sir, if you'd a' spoken before'and, we'd 'ave perwived a dinner more suited to a style of genteel hindigence.

COULDN'T TURN HIS STOMACH.—A newly arrived student at a certain college down east, chanced one day to dine at the same table with one of the professors. As soon as the company were seated, the student to the surprise and merriment of the rest, began helping himself to the different viands placed before him. "Hold on a moment, my friend," said the professor, gravely, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "I have a few words to say before you begin." The student looked the professor in the eye a moment, and then coolly remarked, "Well just say what you please; you can't turn my stomach."

DR. B——Y.—Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter of my child's nose? She keeps a picking of it.

"You mark; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic irritation to the epithelium of the oesophagus."

"Than, now, that's just what I told Becky. She lowed it was worms."

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.—An individual advertised in one of the papers for "a wife," the other day, and requested each applicant for the situation to enclose her *carte de visite*. One of his correspondents closed her reply in these terms: "I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before the horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A RICH COUNTRY.—An Irishman having moved out West to a newly settled country, where the rainy weather prevailed, was asked by an old acquaintance how he liked it. "Och! shure! and I like it first rate," said he. "You may take a handful of the soil and you can squeeze the very fat out of it."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Law and Manners on the Road.

All of us have ideas more or less correct, in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate, good sense and good nature are usually very safe guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be amiss.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this wise: You and I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have a right to go our several ways without obstruction; so, popularly, we say I own half and you half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. The road should be "worked" wide enough for two teams abreast, then each man has a clear title to a passage on his right-hand side of the way; and no one has a right to obstruct another while on his own proper track. This is true whatever the load or team; for if one can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or not at all, then their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all into the deep snow while your neighbor goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right so to load his team as not to be able to give up half the track to whoever demands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him, or any portion of his right hand half the way, and the team must yield to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into the snow for one or two horses. This is the law, and the Court awards it.

Now for the manners of the road, which, in some instances, vary from the law thereof.

The first requirement of road manners is good nature and an accommodating spirit. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbor has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible; you may sometimes be loaded. It has become a general rule of courtesy to turn out for wood and logs, and for other heavy teams in winter, for they say, "we often cannot turn out, and never safely—so, if you want wood, accomeado do us"—which we are very willing to do. But remember, it was a favor, not your right, and you have a reciprocal duty to perform, one which, I am sorry to observe, is not always

borne in mind. When you have unloaded, and are returning empty, just recollect that you had the whole road in the morning, and it is no more than fair that you should be particularly obliging to those whom you meet now, and give them their full share of the path.

One word in relation to teams going the same way, in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. When a team comes up behind you, which desires to proceed faster than you do, that team has a right to a reasonable space and opportunity to pass in—fact, to half the road for that purpose—and your obstructing him in his lawful desire is both bad manners and bad law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you should stop. This is particularly so in winter, when it is heavy tax on a team to force it into a trot in deep snow—made necessary by your continuing at a walk. My remark above in relation to the emplied wood-sled applies here, and if one wishes to pass you, remember that while loaded you had the whole road.

One remark more, to and for the ladies. First, to them. If our walking, keep in the path. Never step into the snow or mud for any ordinary team. If you meet the team, step into your right-hand track or part of the road, and all goes on easily. If the team comes up behind, step into your left-hand track; then, as sleighs are built, the horse keeps in the other track, as before; whereas, if you continue in your right-hand track, the horse or the team must travel wholly in the deep snow in the order to pass you, and the driver will be tempted to scold his wife as proxy for the female sex an

I have this to say for the ladies—always turn out for them. They are entitled to the right-hand half, and will you run over them because, in their confusion at meeting one of the "lords of creation," they happen to take their half out of the wrong side?

I close this somewhat lengthy dissertation with an appropriate aphorism: Wheat grease is a great lubricator, but good manners are a vastly greater one.—*Clarendon (N. H.) Eagle*.

A Novel Mode of Growing Squashes.

An excellent method of growing squashes, melons, and other such vegetables, where a person has but little room, and wishes to make the most of it—as a small city plot—is to plant them so that they will run on a trellis. Set four upright stakes, or small posts, about two feet apart each way, in the centre of which plant melons, squashes, or whatever else is wished. As the vines begin to run, support them upon the trellis by nailing across small slats of board; and when the melons are set and begin to form fruit, erect a shelf for it by placing short pieces of boards across the slats previously nailed on. Pinch off the running shoots of the vines, so as not to have too heavy a growth, and as they run higher place additional slats for the purpose of supporting them. There are two advantages to this plan, and, so far as we are acquainted, no disadvantage. It economizes space in the garden, and the fruit ripens earlier than when upon the ground, half covered with leaves. Those of our readers who have small gardens would do well to "make a note" of this plan, and try it out.

First—For rough outside walls—those exposed to the weather—the best mixture is clear lime and water. Any animal or vegetable substance added diminishes the adhesion and durability of the wash.

Second—But if the wall is hard and smooth, the wash is improved by a mixture of very fine sand—as much as will mix and can be applied.

Third—For inside walls an addition of a little glue—say a quarter of a pound to three pailfuls—increases the adhesion. If it is desired to have the walls very white, the white of eggs may be used in the place of the glue.—*Sci. American*.

IRON STAINS.—These come from iron-rust, ink, etc. To remove them, the iron is first dissolved by a solution of oxalic acid in water. The oxalate of iron thus produced, which, unlike iron rust, is soluble, is readily removed by washing or soaking. Ink spots (tannin-gallate of iron) upon the printed leaves of books, are removed in the same way—but the lamp-black of the printer's ink is not at all affected. If fresh, such spots may be wholly effaced; if old and dry, a very little will remain.

Wheat grease makes a compound stain of grease and iron. The grease may be taken out first by alkali; and then the iron by oxalic acid. If tar has been used on the wheel, rub on lard, which will dissolve it, and then apply the alkali. Turnip juice will answer nearly the same purpose as lard.

AMMONIA CAKES.—These will keep fresh for any length of time. They are made as follows: 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of currants, 1-1/2 lb. of butter, 6 oz. of sugar, 1-1/2 pint of cream, a piece of ammonia rather larger than a filbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cakes should not be cut for a fortnight.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Contributed to the American Agriculturalist, and been pronounced excellent by one of the editors. Ingredients—Three ounces of chocolate, (Baker's is good,) three pints of milk, six eggs, four tablespoonsful powdered white sugar, and two tablespoonsfuls of brown sugar. First prepare a soft custard with the milk, the beaten yolks of six eggs, and the white of one. While this is cooking grate the chocolate and dissolve by pouring over it a cup of warm water, and then heat it up to the boiling point, and sweeten with brown sugar. When a little cool, mix it with the custard, and flavor it with a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Put the whole in a suitable dish, and pour over the top the remaining whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth and sweetened with sugar. Brown it lightly in a moderate oven. It should be brought to the table as cold as possible.

A Story of Whist.

I tell the story as nearly as I can as he related it to me—"I used to play a good deal with Roschberg," said he, "and took pleasure in worrying him, for he was a great player in his play, and was enraged with anything that could not be sustained by an authority. In fact, each game was followed by a discussion of full half an hour, to the intense mortification of the other players, though very annoying to me, and offering me large opportunity to irritate and plague the Austrian.

"One evening, after a number of these discussions, in which Roschberg had displayed an even unusual warmth and irritability, I found myself opposed to him in a game, the interest of which had drawn around us a large assembly of spectators—what the French designate as *la galerie*. Towards the conclusion of the game it was my turn to lead, and I played a card which so astounded the Austrian minister, that he laid down his cards upon the table and stared fixedly at me.

"In all my experience of whist," said he, de liberately, "I never saw the equal of that."

"Of what?" asked I.

"Of the card you have just played," rejoined he. "It is not merely that such play violates every principle of the game, but it actually stifles all your combinations."

"I think differently, count," said I. "I maintain that is good play, and I abide by it."

"Let me decide it by a wager," said he.

"In what way?"

"Thus: We shall leave the question to the *galerie*. You shall allege what you deem to be the reasons for your play, and they shall decide if they accept them as valid."

"I agree. What will you bet?"

"Ten Napoleons—twenty, fifty, five hundred if you like!" cried he, warmly.

"I shall say ten. You don't like losing, and I don't want to punish you too heavily."

"There is the jury, sir," said he, haughtily, "make your case."

"The wager is this," said I, "that, to win, I shall satisfy these gentlemen that for the card I played I had a sufficient and good reason."

"Yes."

"My reason was this, then—I looked into your hand!"

"I pocketed his ten Napoleons, but they were the last I won of him. Indeed, it took a month before he got over the shock."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

EACH is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature.
In the valley, on the mountain,
Scoop from ocean, or from fountain,
With a poor hand or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

Oriental Poetry.

MR. DARNELL.—Mr. Darnell, of Danville, Indiana, came to his death lately from erysipelas, caused by his having attempted to vaccinate himself by saturating a thread with the virus, and drawing it through his arm with a needle.

REUBEN BARTO.

THE SIBBLER.

Accidental Blagues.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 2, 14, 15, 4, 6, 8, is an odd.

My 2, 6, 17, 8, is a country in Asia.

My 8, 9, 2, 17, is a common thing at the present time.

My 4, 6, 9, 15, is what we all strive for.

My 5, 8, 9, is a man's name.

My 6, 8, 12, 14, is a digit.

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